The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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The New Year.

Good-day, new world! Like him of Genoa,
We, glad adventurers, kneel and kiss the strand
Of our surprise—This new-discovered land
Of time,—and cry, "Good-day, new world! Good-day!"
Onward, brave hearts, 'gainst odds who'd say us nay?
These hostile ills which lurk on every hand,
Make them allies to lead us into the proud
Possession of ourselves and of the way.
O year! New year! World yet untried and strange!
For him who thus adventures, all good things
You hold in store; for he it is who brings
Hope to the front, and courage; him no change
Shall harm or weaken, nor shall any chance
Rob him of his divine inheritance.

P. A. MASON.

A Fleeting Show.

This world's not all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given.
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear doth know
There's something here of heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.

He that the Christian's course hath run,
And all his foes fo given,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God, or love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

A. E.

A Fable for the New Year:

AT WHAT SHALL WE AIM?

Once upon a time, in the far-away days, lived a noble earl.

High on a commanding hill-top stood his ancestral castle home, whose watch-towers overlooked miles and miles of the surrounding country. Rich in broad lands, well-trained faithful followers, and his inheritance of accumulated treasure, he yet valued all this as nothing compared with his two fair sons, who were his joy and his pride. They were trained in every courtly grace by their mother, the best of teachers; while the earl himself delighted in his task of teaching them the use of the sword, and especially of the bow and arrow, in which he himself had great skill.

The two youths grew up to manhood graceful and kindly, strong in body and keen of mind.

One New Year's day, in the clear, bracing air of their hill-top, the earl and his two sons were practising with their bows and arrows on the wide, snow-covered lawn that stretched from the castle gate to the hill's first slope towards the valley below.

The lads were shooting better than any youth of the country-side, yet their father was not satisfied. Taking the heaviest, strongest bow, and carefully selecting an arrow from the quiver, he slowly adjusted it to the string.

Then, after a powerful backward sweep of his right arm, the loosened arrow, with a joyous "whirr," flew far beyond any that had come from the bows of the earl's sons. Not a word was spoken; but the brothers exchanged a glance, and began to walk slowly back to the castle.

"I have not worked hard enough in my practice," said one to himself.

The other thought, "I have not done my very best on every day;" and both resolved that the next New Year should see them equal their father's power.

The days and weeks went by. The brothers, each in his own way, worked faithfully on their archery practice; and, when again the late-rising winter's sun saw the beginning of a new year, it found them eager to show their father that they had gained in strength and skill.

Again on the castle lawn were set the targets. Arrow after arrow pierced the small black circle. The eyes of the old earl shone with pleasure. The brothers seemed evenly matched. And now came the test of strength. The elder brother took his heaviest bow. His eye carefully measured the castle's imposing height, and the distance from its southern wall, which was facing them, to the rear wall, which met at its base the solid rock itself, as it rose steeply from the bed of a rushing river, hundreds of feet below. The young man in silence drew taut the cord. The arrow rose, up and up, till it turned gracefully in the air far above the castle's highest turret. Then, clearing by several feet the farthest wall, it plunged swiftly down to the stream at the base of the hill. It was a mighty shot, but the earl said nothing.

The younger son had been busily thinking. "My brother has shot over the highest point on the hill, he mused. "At what can I aim?" As he raised his head thoughtfully, the midday sun struck his eyes, and flashed a ray of light into his brain. "It will be a symbol of what I mean to do throughout my life," he thought. Then, raising his bow from the ground and half-closing his eyes, that they might not be blinded by the intense light, he aimed his arrow straight at the sun. It whizzed from the cord, it rose like a bird into the air,—rose till lost from sight. Then, after long seconds of suspense, the watchers saw it falling, falling, till it buried itself in the dense grove of firs on the slope of the hill. The shot of the elder brother had been mighty. This was mightier. "Well done!" said the proud father, giving a hand to each son. "It is good to achieve that for which we aim, as did you when you shot over the castle; but you," turning to the younger lad, "by aiming at the very highest, though you did not hit the mark, —yet sent your arrow far above the other's loftiest curve."

MARY A. TILDEN.

A Word or Two about Bibliomania.

Of all the forms which the passion for collecting assumes surely that of Bibliomania, or book-hunting, is the most innocent, most elevating in its tendencies, and—though the true Bibliomaniac would spurn the thought—in the end one of the best investments to which money may be put. Compared with the many ways in which gold is spent, it is even economical; and this is only one of the many points which the book-collector can urge in its favour. If a piece of china, lace, or carved oak be valuable for its antiquity, much more so is a book which contains the compressed essence of the thought and opinion of the age in which it was produced.

Good society is, according to their different lights, the aim of every rank; and in one little room a man may surround himself with the noblest minds of those who have taken kingly rank in the empire of intellect. For him Shakespeare wrote, Milton sung, and Bacon and Newton toiled. The results of their labours lie close to his hand, and he has but to resign himself to their influence, and earthly trouble and care will be soothed by their siren voices.

Many of our largest public libraries owe their birth to private individuals, not a few of whom, like Richard Heber, began with a single volume. He worked, and, it must be confessed, spent, so indefatigably, that, as we are told, "the new library at Hodnet, which he bulit only a few years before his death, was found to be full of books. His residence in London, when he died, was filled, like Magliabechi's at Florence, with books from top to bottom—every chair, every table containing piles of erudition. He had another house in York Street laden from ground floor to attic with curious books. He had a library in High Street, Oxford; an immense one in Paris; another at Antwerp, Brussels,

Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries and in Germany." Mr. Heber was most liberal in lending his books to poor scholars; but was so enthusiastic a collector that he had frequently ten or twelve copies of the same work. Some idea of the extent of his libraries may be given by the fact that, at the sale after his death, the catalogues formed five thick octavo volumes.

The nucleus of the British Museum, fifty thousand volumes, was collected and presented to the nation by Sir Hans Sloane. As the wisest china-maniacs confine themselves to one style, whether it be Wedgewood dragon or old blue, and thereby increase the value of their collections, so too the Bibliomaniacs may be divided into several distinct classes. According to Dibden, "there are the black-letter men, tall copyists, uncut men, rough-edge men, early English dramatists, Elzevirian broadsiders, pasquinaders, old brown-calf men, rubicists, Grangerites, and those who go in for vellum, old ballads, and play-bills." There is also a lower class, called inch-rulers, innocent of knowing the contents of a volume, but to whom the breadth of the margin and the external expanse of the binding are most significant, and who by these means could instantly detect a renewed book.

The art of renewing books is a most delicate one, and employs all the skill of experienced workmen. When used in a legitimate way, to preserve and enrich some valuable treasure-trove discovered in a tattered condition, a skilled workman applies with tender care a bituminous solvent to its ragged edges, and literally incorporates—by a paper-making process—each mouldering page into a broad leaf of fine strong paper. This is termed "enlarging," and is a lofty department in the art of binding. Then the once ragged fragment goes through the process of binding in Russia or calf, gilding, tooling, marbling, and takes its place as the pride of the book-shelf. When part of the Cottonian library was burned in 1731, some valuable manuscripts were by the influence of the fire drawn into almost a solid ball. Some of those rescued were given over to the "enlarger," and may be considered the brightest triumphs of the art. They may now be seen at the British Museum.

But there are other processes of renewing which are scarcely so honourable, namely, the manufacture of rare or early editions of old authors. This is done by staining the paper, imitating closely the decorated capitals, and reprinting accurately all defects. The production of First Folio Shakespeares has been a profitable piece of business. Paris is the centre of the renewing trade, though it is also practised to a small extent in England. Apropos of renewing, many collectors scorn its aid, and will only purchase imperfect copies. At a large book sale where many mutilated volumes had sold very well, one lot found very languid bidders, on which the auctioneer exclaimed, "Only thirty pounds offered for this valuable book, gentlemen; a most curious book, and quite imperfect." At another auction at the beginning of the century, an original edition of Boccaccio, printed in Venice, and of which thewe were only known to be two copies in existence, was sold for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds; and a Didot "Horace" brought one hundred and forty pounds.

Many books are undated, their age being decided by the quaint conceits of the old printers. Gesner's "Bibliotheca" had numerous frogs and tadpoles imprinted on its pages, the printer's name, meaning a frog, bein Latinised into "Christopherus Froshoverus." Varro's "Quæ Extant, printed at Dort, is adorned with woodcuts of portly bears and their clumsy cubs, to immortalise the printer, Joannis Bearwont. So, too, a book issuing from the press of Gryphius of Lyons, begins and ends with effigies of portentous-looking griffins. The device of Michael and Philip Lenoir is a jet-black shield, with an Ethiopian for crest, and Negroes for supporters. Apicarius has a bear robbing a bees' nest in a hollow tree. But most valuable of all, Asceneius has an accurate representation of the printing press used at that period, every nail and screw being faithfully delineated, and a burly compositor setting up the type.

Sometimes books owe their fame and value to particular mistakes. A celebrated Elzevir "Cæsar" of 1635 is known by page 149 being printed 153, none other being genuine editions. How defective most editions of the classics are may be guessed by the great value assigned to Didot's "Virgil" and the "Horace" of Foulis, said to be the only editions extant free from error. They have both been admirably copied by Baskerville of Birmingham.

The odd blunders as well as verbal eccentricities appearing in different editions of the

Bible are too numerous to mention. A well-known specimen is "the Breeches Bible," so called because the aprons of Adam and Eve are in it so designated. The Vulgate issued by Sixtus V. is of immense value in consequence of its numerous blunders. The story of the German wife who altered the type in the passage declaring her husband should be her lord (*herr*), to make him her fool (*narr*) wants confirmation.

The titles of books are sometimes amusingly misleading. "Purley's Diversions" have caused acute disappointment to the searchers for "something light and amusing," it being one of our toughest books on grammar, enlivened by Latin explanations. When "Urban Bees" was first published it was purchased by many an enthusiastic apiarian. It is a biography of celebrated men who flourished under the pontificate of Urban II., whose family device was a bee. When Mr. Ruskin conceived the noble idea of reconciling the differences of Protestants and Papists by his own unaided genius, he published a pamphlet "On the Construction of Sheepfolds." It had a great run among the moorland farmers, but was more provocative of profanity than piety. Edgeworth's "Essay on Irish Bulls" proved as an investment a dead loss to breeders. "M'Ewen on the Types" (of Christianity) was at a book-sale warmly contested for by a burly Scottish farmer and a journeyman printer. It fell to the farmer, who was greatly chagrined to find that he had bought a book of sermons instead of, as he expressed it, a "book upon tups" (Scottice, rams). The printer was thereupon offered the book at his last bid, but, having become by this time cognisant of its contents, naturally declined to purchase.

The man who is ambitious to found a large library will soon discover it is the work of years, and requires endless patience and acuteness, even if supported by an inexhaustible purse. Five thousand standard works may be quickly obtained; and even ten or fifteen thousand, if he be very miscellaneous in his tastes; but after that the increase is very slow, the more so if he incline to early editions of rare books. "Woe betide," says Dibdin, "the young Bibliomaniac who sets his heart upon Breton's "Flourish upon Fancie," and "Pleasant Joyes of an Idle Head," or upon "Workes of a Young Wyt, trussed up with a Fardell of Prettie Fancies." Three score guineas shall hardly fetch these black-letter rarities from the pigeon-holes of Mr. Thorpe." Still he encourages the young collector by intimating that "The Ravisht Soul and the Blessed Weaper" may be obtained for fifteen pounds. Those who long for such rarities as "The Temple of Glas," Lodge's "Nettle for Nice Noses," "The Book of Sagts of Armes," by Christene of Pisa, or Caxton's "Pilgremage of the Soule," will have many a weary hunt, and probably be disappointed in the end.

Strange as it may appear, there is actually a class of collectors who make it their boast that they care only for the outside *minutiæ* of a book. The "outsider," as he may be called, is one who denies to ordinary readers of books the merit of having any proper knowledge of them. "*He* know anything of books? Why, bless you, he knows nothing of them except perhaps the inside!" But this type of collector is very scarce, and is perhaps, in the prejudices attributed to him, more sinned against than sinning.

Book-collectors are occasionally generous in allowing less favoured brethren the use of their stores. A splendid example of this liberality was the kingly-hearted man who, for the sake of his friends as well as himself, had his books stamped, "Joannis Grollieri et amicorum."

The most acute form of the mania is reached when duplicate and triplicate copies are purchased. Before this every book was "absolutely necessary;" now, the disease is plainly apparent both to the victim and his friends. The type of the old collector of ancient literature is painted with such an accurate and loving touch by Sir Walter Scott in the character of his antiquary Monkbarns, that we suspect a fellow-feeling has been the cause of such clear insight." Listen to the old man gloating over his treasures:—"See this bundle of ballads; not one of them later than 1700, and some a hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm-book. Tobacco, sir, and snuff, and the 'Complete Syren,' were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the "Complaynt of Scotland," I sat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who in gratitude bequeathed it to me. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, St. Mary's Wynd—wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and tropers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious."

The Far Sight and the Near.

A NEW YEAR COUNSEL.

Once again we stand upon the threshold of a New Year, and however sad and disappointing may have been the past, we turn with unquenchable hope towards the future. It may be that the past year was for us a year of sunshine; our enterprises prospered, our friendships yielded only sweetness; our homes were unstricken by aught of ill, and when in the still midnight the bells were heard ringing out the old and ringing in the new, we were loth to bid farewell to the old, so happy had we been in it.

The old year perhaps has given you a new friend, or a new and beautiful experience, and you say—

> A happier year I shall not see,
> And though his eyes are waxing dim,
> And though his foes speak ill of him,
> He was a friend to me.

There are others who are glad to have done with the old year. To them it was a dark and cloudy year, in which the sun shone only at rare intervals, in which dear hopes were smitten, in which the failure of well-meant plans, or the misconduct of children, or the anguish of bereavement left their marks upon us.

And when the bells rang out we thought to ourselves, "Ah! toll the funeral of the wretched past, and let a deep grave be dug for it."

> "Rock," I said, "thy ribs are strong;
> That I bring thee, guard it long.
> Hide the light from buried eyes—
> Hide it, lest the dead arise."
> "Year," I said, and turned away,
> "I am free of thee this day;
> All that we two only know,
> I forgive and I forego;
> So thy face no more I meet
> In the field or in the street."

The year has varied with us. For some of us, if we have had to fight we have conquered; for others, the tide of battle has rolled against us, leaving us broken and wounded.

And now another year is before us. Well, a year does not count for much in the history of a world; but it counts for a great deal in the longest human life; its issues cannot but be of lasting importance. He must be dull of heart who can make the passage of the old year into the new and not feel stirred, nor ask himself many questions, nor for a moment be touched by the seriousness and pathos of human life. How many of us will be here on the last day of this new year? What may or may not await us between this day and that—what successes, what failures, what disappointments, what happy surprises? Perhaps some accession of good of which we now can form no idea. Perhaps the forfeiture of all that we most love in the world. If we could lift the veil, what should we see? But would we lift the veil if we could?

The mere change that we make in dating our letters on the 1st January, when we turn 1901 into 1902, should give us pause. Of course Time passes whether we think of it or not. And it is always passing, just as much on the 1st July as on the 30th December; as quickly on the day of birth as on the day of death. We cannot always be thinking about it. Therefore it is well that now and then, at definite intervals, we should be compelled to think of the flight of time, since we may draw from the thought new motives for making the best of the days which may yet remain to us.

In its details the future is unknown to us; the events of this coming year are as wholly beyond our prediction as the events of a future removed from us by an interval of a century. And yet we know some things—we know that whatever happens we shall have need of courage, and there will be large demands on patience. Tempers will be tried, charity will be put to the strain. It will not be all bright with us; it will not be all dark. One thing we are certain of—it will not be a year in which we shall be able to get on without God; and it is an unspeakable comfort when facing the unknown future to be able to say, "At any rate God is there, caring, thinking, ruling." Better than any glimpses or foreshadowing of events is it to feel this conviction of a Divine presence. Many a time in the coming year will it be wise and needful for us to "lift our eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh our help?"

In this quiet hour we hear a summons to think on those hills which are so often forgotten, so often obscured by mists, but which for us all are the great storehouse of help.

It is a great thing for us to realise that they are there.

What would you think of a man on a long and perilous journey who never by any chance lifted his eyes from the dusty road to the witchery of the blue sky; who was so occupied with picking his steps along the turnpike as never to note the flying clouds, nor the wonderful phastasmagoria of the spangled heavens! How dull, how monotonous, how heavily would he go. Yet there are men in life so occupied with the petty and innumerable details at their feet as never to lift their eyes to the wide-expanding and breezy sky; to whom cares and duties and engagements and business are so much that they have lost sight of the great and lofty things of human life and destiny. They never see life as a whole; they only see it in bits. They never ask of its great purpose, but only of its daily details. They are like men with eyes glued to the stones of the highway, who do not know or care to know the glory of the sapphire sky above them.

In Browning's Sordello, that immensely tough bit of reading, there are just four simple lines—

> God has conceded two sights to a man;
> One of man's whole work, Time's completed plan;
> The other of the minute's work, man's first
> Step to the plan's completion.

We look upon the far off ideal "Time's completed plan," but not to the exclusion of the present reality, the "minute's work"; we gaze on the hills in the distance to which we direct our course, but we observe also the wild flowers and milestones of the high road. We have the far sight and the near. Only be sure man's danger is rarely that the far sight will shut out the near; rather it is that the near, the minute's work, the dusty highway will blind us to the "mountain range unutterably bright."

In a great picture gallery you will come across landscapes, some of which have all the stress on their foreground, while others have all the stress on their background. And you know how much more disastrous it is to have the background weakly indicated than the foreground—to have the foreground minutely and delicately painted with a background of woolley clouds, pasteboard skies, and wooden hills. You could better spare some perfection in the foreground, and have a grand bit of sky or a suggestion of the mystery and majesty of the great mountains. Yet it is better to have both!

How rare it is to see a human life in which foreground and background are well balanced, in which, while the garden plot, the trivial round, the common task, "the minute's toil," are faithfully attended to, the mountain range, the great background of hill and sky, "Time's completed plan," is also always held in view. There are lives filled with the dust of petty affairs, without any consciousness of the boundless blue above them, without the far sight which takes in the everlasting hills from whence cometh help. The near sight only is theirs. That is the peculiar danger of our own time. There have been ages in which men could be accused of too much and too prolonged looking unto the hills to the neglect of the duties at their feet. And we have been righteously indignant with the religious temper which could be so absorbed in the heavenly as to treat slightingly the duties of the earthly life. But that is not our temptation. To-day it is earth which shuts out heaven, our present-day affairs which make the great whole, eternity's realities, Time's completed plan, of little account. Our eyes are so rivetted on the garden plot that we never feel the inspiration of the hills, nor long to climb their heights,

The far sight and the near! The garden plot in the valley, and the hills in the distance! So there are things that press themselves immediately upon the attention—the duties of business, the cares of the house, the work our hand is doing, the swarming details of our every-day life, the dust of the highway, and the flowers beneath the hedges. But beyond these are the great truths and eternal principles by which we live, the hopes which keep us brave and pure, the faith in God which dominates over all. These are the mighty background of life—the hills from whence cometh help. As it is from the lofty range of hills the valleys receive the streams which are for their refreshing, and as the hills stand firm for their shelter, so are the faiths and hopes and truths of religion the soul's reservoirs of power and the soul's everlasting refuge. Out of them come the waters that refresh and give us strength. The details of life must have constant and faithful attention, yet they are our snare and pitfall. Often they crowd too closely upon us, they command and absorb us, not seldom they are our tyrants. Of the two sights conceded to men the near is everything.

The hills are there, but we do not see them. The highest sources of blessing do not send us their supply simply because we do not look up to them. The affairs and circumstances of the hour are so pressing, and say so imperatively "give yourself to us!" that we forget the eternal truths and powers by which alone life can be redeemed from triviality. How rarely do we lift our eyes to the hills. We are engrossed by the superficialities of life. There is no distance and depth in the landscape of our life. The present is so vivid, the immediate so urgent, the interests of the moment so intense, that the hills have no existence for us. And yet from them is our help.

What are these hills which need the far sight? They are the thought of God, faith in a Father's love, the hope moral perfection, the truth of immortal life and progress, the great settled principles of life and conduct, the pure affections, the lofty aspirations, the noble charities that are found only when we lift our eyes to things above.

So this New Year let us cultivate the far sight as well as the near. Let us get into the habit in every duty and in every difficulty of looking up to the hills, that is of referring all the little details of life to be settled by great principles, and of bringing all its affairs under the control of lofty motives. Be not absorbed so much in this and that, but learn to look at life as a whole. Train your eyes to take in "Time's completed plan."

JOSEPH WOOD.

For the Sunday School.*

Sunday School workers will receive with interest and gratitude the new tools prepared for them in 1901 by the *Sunday School Association*. It would be difficult to find a body of men more alive to the present-day needs of our schools than the Publishing Committee of the Association. Every year they give us a batch of new books, on the whole admirably adapted for the ends in view. This year's harvest is of good quality throughout, but perhaps more so in the way of suggestion than actual achievement. The *idea*, for instance, of Mr. Bowie's *Code Book for Sunday School Teachers* is most useful, bringing, as it does, day school methods to bear on Sunday school teaching and organisation. But Mr. Bowie would be the first to admit that this first issue of a Code Book is open to a good deal of improvement. The chief defect is want of methodical arrangement. No end of good matter is there, but at present it is rather mixed up. The book is confessedly an experiment, and we are told we may look for an improved edition next year. So long as the idea of *school* dominates the Sunday gatherings of our young, a Code Book like this will be found invaluable. But would it not be a gain to banish the idea of school from Sunday altogether? Children have enough of school on week-days, and want something *different* and something more bright and joyous on Sunday. How to make the Sunday *School* a Sunday——something else? We offer this problem to the compiler of the Code Book.

In idea, again, Aunt Amy's *Hymn Lessons* for infant classes, and Mr. Davies's *Twelve Hymns and their Writers* for senior classes, are suggestive of a very wide field of topics for Sunday talks. We have long wondered why teachers do not make use of hymns as subjects of lessons, and these two books have the great merit of showing how to do it. Aunty Amy's skeleton lessons on the hymn, "All things bright and beautiful," will be found helpful by many teachers. It would be easy to apply the method to a yet better selection of hymns. Mr. Davis's biographical work is extremely well done—no man among us knows our hymn-writers better than Mr. Davis, or is better qualified to dilate on the structure and thought of a good hymn. But one wonders at the actual selections made. In a book of *twelve* hymn-writers to find Alice Cary cheek by jowl with John Milton, and John Johns occupying as much space as Charles Wesley, is, to say the least, a little startling. One might even question the place of John Johns and Norman Macleod in that company at all. It is true each has given us *one* good hymn, but if one swallow does not make a summer one hymn does not make a hymn writer. The life and character of Johns are certainly worthy of record and study. Norman Macleod, with his striking personality, broad sympathies, fine manliness, and splendid common-sense, filled a great place in the religious world of his time. But neither of these men were hymn-witers, and to put them in that category, to the exclusion of Doddridge and Faber, to mention only two out of many, is surely a mistake.

Mr. Sunderland's book on *Travel and Life in Palestine* is a running commentary on five sets of slides for lantern lectures. No information is given as to how and where or on what terms the slides can be procured.

*1. *Code Book.* W. C. Bowie. 6d. net.
2. *Travel and Life in Palestine.* J. T. Sunderland. 1s. net.
3. *Hymn Lessons.* Aunty Amy.
4. *Twelve Hymns and their Writers* V D. Davis. 1s. net.

The Seed Sower.

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The *Seed Sower* is localised by the Western Union (all the churches); the South Wales Union (all the churches); Essex and Unity Churches, London, Belfast, Hull, Gorton, Hyde, Mansfield, all the Birmingham Churches and many others.

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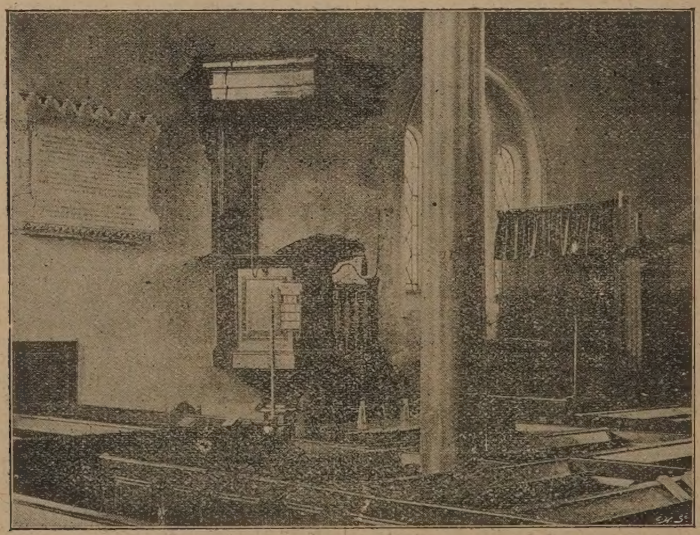
OUR ANCIENT CHAPELS.

Matthew Henry's Chapel, Chester.

In the north-east corner of the Welsh Principality lies the village of Worthenbury, and here, at Broad Oak, was the residence of Philip Henry, and the birthplace of Matthew Henry. Father and son must be thought of together in any account of Nonconformity in Chester, for the former lives in the latter through nature and memoir. There can hardly be any more beautiful story than that revealed in the joint life and dairy. Philip Henry was a gentleman, a scholar, a preacher; a conscientious but reluctant Nonconformist, and no Separatist; for eight years a zealous minister of the Word, for twenty-eight years ejected and silent, for seven years again "tolerated." His sweet virtues and his many pieties may be pondered on the tablet in Whitewell Church. Although living only on the borders of the county, he was closely associated with Chester Nonconformity, and lived through nine years of his son's Chester ministry.

Matthew Henry's Chapel has had ten names and thirteen ministers. It has been known as Mr. Henry's Meeting, the Protestant Dissenting Chapel, the Chester Meeting, Crook's Lane, Trinity Lane, Crook Street, Trinity Street, the Presbyterian Meeting, the Unitarian Chapel, and Matthew Henry's Chapel—and the last is the best. No longer will visitors have to ask for "The Unitarian Chapel in Trinity Street:" no longer will outsiders have cause to surmise that there has been any breach of its trust, or any break in its heritage. The congregation began in "Mr. Henthorn's Hall," thence removed to his stable, then laid the foundation of its own building in 1699, and added a gallery in 1707. It has recently, in connection with its bicentenary celebration, renovated the ancient building from top to bottom. In the engraving of the



MATTHEW HENRY'S CHAPEL.

interior here given are seen the original pulpit and Matthew Henry's tablet. The recently-published History of the Congregation* was worth doing and is well done. Original and valuable MS. matter gives an added interest to more than one chapter. The opening sketch of Philip Henry is followed by "A Short Account" of the beginning and progress of the congregation, written by Matthew Henry in 1710 and 1712, to which are added extracts from his diary (1706). A chapter on "Dissent and Doctrine" deals with the Open Trust Question, and leads up to an account of "The Secession," which has been much misinterpreted both by the historian and in the town. The accurate lists of records, ministers, and trusts are of the greatest service for reference purposes. Amongst the trustees are many well-known names still borne by living representatives, *e.g.*, Kenrick, Kendrick, Tylston, Philpot, Boult, Swanwick, Frost, Long, Holland, Johnson. And a grateful word must be accorded to the fourteen illustrations, which are the work of a member of the congregation.

"Saints and Shrines."

III.—St. CUTHBERT AND THE FARNES.

In the history of Christianity there have been not a few only, but many, who have sought solitude from the world that they might be alone with God. Content to accept privations and loneliness, they have gone into some desert place away from all outward temptations, to devote themselves to religious duties. No entreaties to remain could stay them; no praise of men could lure them back again. And hence, because of their solitariness, they came to be called *Hermits;* because of their retirement, *Anchorites;* because of their goodness, *Saints.* For although their early ideal may not be our best example, yet there was in them something so undeniably noble, so far in advance of their own times, that I hope we shall never cease to read the *Lives of the Saints.*

It is of one of them that I write this time—St. Cuthbert of great name—the last of the Celtic Saints in England, the Hermit Monk of the inner Farne Island. Cuthbert brings us to that turning point, that crisis, on which was to rest the future tone and kind of Christianity in England. The Celtic Christianity of Columbia spread southward from Iona, the Roman Christianity of Augustine spread northward from Kent until they met; and in many respects they were different. Which teaching and tradition was to be considered the right one, that both practice and doctrine might in future be uniform? The answer is a reminder of the historic Abbey of Whitby on that high storm-beaten promontory, where the Council met to confer: of its famous Abbes St. Hilda, "the Deborah of Northumbria," whom St. Aidan had brought over; of the King's final announcement that Rome was in the right; of the defeat and pathetic flight of Colman, the successor of Aidan, and many of the monks of Lindisfarne, back in bitter sorrow once more to their ever-beloved Iona.

But not all accompanied Colman, some preferring to remain, even at the price of disobeying Rome. So Colman besought King Oswin to appoint over them, as Abbot of Lindisfarne, one who had been trained by the gentle Aidan. And the choice fell on Eata, the Abbot of Melrose, and the Abbot took with him his Prior, and this Prior, although younger, was held in even greater honour, for was he not the devout and eloquent Cuthbert!

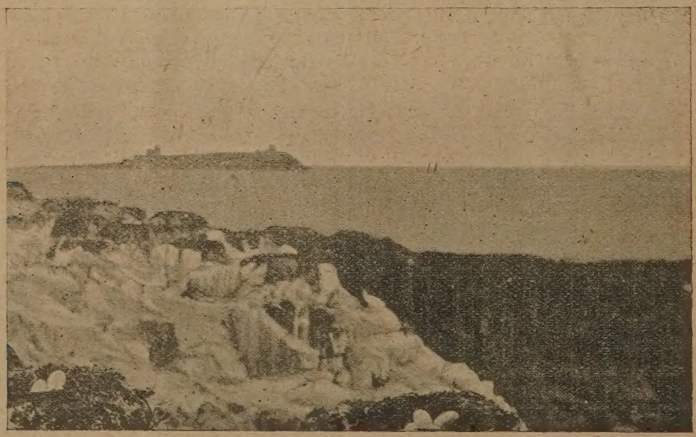
What is known of Cuthbert up to this point? His birthplace and parents are quite unknown. He first appears on the scene as a boy tending his master's flocks on the slopes of the Lammermoor Hills in the Scottish Lowlands. If not peasant born, he was peasant bred, and at eight years old, according to Bede, he was committed to the care of a widow named Kenspid. In his many wanderings among the Lowland valleys he became familiar with a district of country which he was often afterwards to traverse as missionary, and he imbibed that love of solitude, and nature, and prayer which was later to influence his whole career. But the first turning point was a vision in the night, wherein, as he kept vigil alone, he beheld an angel throng bearing aloft a soul to Heaven. And next morning he learned that Aidan had died at Bamborough at the time of his vision. This coincidence he interpreted as a sign that he must give himself wholly to religion; so he went a

* Matthew Henry and his Chapel. By H. D. Roberts (Liverpool Booksellers' Co.).

day's journey across the hills and presented himself at the Abbey of Old Melrose, which was one of St. Aidan's own foundations, declared his wish to become one of the monks, took the vows of obedience, and remained thirteen years—nine as a junior, and then four more as Prior.

Many a picturesque glimpse of the life he led do we get in the pages of Bede. Now he is reading aloud the Gospel to the aged Boisil, now stealing quietly out of the monastery at nightfall to spend long hours in prayer on the lonely sea shore, now undertaking journeys to remote villages in mountain regions, and by preaching and teaching in their own native tongue reminding his hearers of heavenly things. "So great in its issues; though himself a Celt in practice and spirit, he seems to have accepted its decision without question. It was in this same year, 664, that he came to Lindisfarne.

And now we can follow him in his future wandering. For twelve years he performed his Prior's duties, overcoming with patience and gentleness his early difficulties. There was a strong party in favour of Iona, and long were the discussions in the Chapter House ere unanimity was made secure, but Cuthbert's quiet temper won the unwilling ones over. But his labours were not confined to Lindisfarne alone. Like Aidan, he wandered far over the moorlands of Northumbria, teaching from house to house, and



THE INNER FARNE ISLAND, SHEWING ST. CUTHBERT'S CHAPEL.

was his skill in teaching," says Bede, "so vast his power of loving persuasion, so striking was the light of his angelic face, that no one in his presence dared to conceal from him the hidden secrets of his heart, but all declared openly in confession what each had done amiss, thinking in truth that none of his misdeeds were concealed from him."

Melrose, founded by Aidan, was dependent on Lindisfarne, and looked to Iona for supreme direction. And now Cuthbert was to be sent to the larger shrine. Though not himself present at the Whitby Council he was deeply interested winning all hearts. And so the years passed, during which a new generation of missionary monks rose up under his wise guidance, and spread his name and influence. But all this time his longing was growing for the solitude he had known ere other duties were laid upon him. And hence, after twelve years of marvellous success he determined to withdraw altogether from men, and give himself wholly to prayer and meditation.

The place which he chose for his hermitage was the inner island of the famous and dangerous Farnes, swept by the North Sea storms,

ill-suited for a human dwelling place—a barren, sterile, desert spot. On this lonely, bare, unsheltered rock, rising abruptly to a height of at least 80 feet on the side that is seen from the mainland, with the deep sea rolling at his feet and the wild birds wailing about his head, he dug out a little cell, which he divided into two parts, one for his dwelling and one for his chapel. A spring of water gave him drink, a little barley plot gave him food, and there he lived alone with solitude and with God. From this cell he could see nothing but the sky above him, hear nothing but the sound of the waves, the winds, and the birds. For nine long years he lived amidst these strange conditions. His seclusion was sometimes broken by visits from the Lindisfarne monks, or other pilgrims seeking advice, for whom he built a larger house near the landing-place; and at first he would go out and welcome them, and minister to their necessities with his own hands, but later he would only speak to them from within, and give them his blessing.

But God had yet more work for him in hand, and he was ultimately persuaded by the prayers of King Egfrid and the whole Synod to return as Bishop to Lindisfarne. Having yielded he threw himself with devotion into the work that lay before him. He renewed his former life as a missionary monk, only in his journeyings his great influence was increased by his hermit experience. He penetrated into the most distant and wildest districts of his diocese, and joy and comfort followed in his steps. For long years after he had passed away he was held in deepest affection and memory. Parents would tell their children of the pale, worn man, with the angel face, who wept in his prayers and spake holy words. But it came to an end after two arduous years, this service for God and others. Worn out at last by toils and austerities he went back to his island cell to die, and he passed away his own little oratory.

"Have peace and mutual concord between yourselves and other servants of Christ"—these were his farewell words, and he practised what he preached. At a time of much disputing he either kept apart or quelled the tumult. Amongst many other missionaries of his date he stands out pre-eminent in piety, in popularity, in eloquence, in winning force. Countless are the legends which bear witness to his gracious memory; numerous are the churches which are called by his name to-day. And he was the last of the Celtic Saints to whom we owe so much; albeit our debt has been so scantily acknowledged. Columba, Aidan, Cuthbert—these are saints indeed, not only in name. Iona, Lindisfarne, the little Farne Islet—these are shrines to visit with reverent heart, for there the lamps of the spirit were lit.

FRANK K. FREESTON.

Stray Thoughts.

There are infinite suggestions of poetry in passing through a strange country at twilight. The woods, the dusky hilly meadows, with here and there a long, straight strip of water shining golden with the reflection of the evening sky, are haunted by dream-like figures of knight or peasant—neither of the past nor of the present, but with the glow of romanticism continually upon them, so long as human nature remains something eternally mysterious. There is a little hill, with a few sheep browsing upon it, a great bank of night-clouds above, the fringe of the sunset below them. Can we not see some tall figure striding up it, knowing that the evening of his fate has come, and he will look down from its ridge upon futurity hidden in the purple valley beneath? He reaches the top, and stands darkly relieved against the flaming sky for a moment, then he turns, and his eyes are deeper than before, and his hair shows white against the ashen clouds which bear down upon the golden sea What has he seen? A shapeless terror? A witch-woman, with cruel, sea-blue eyes who has laid her spell upon him for evermore? A vanishing woman's form, bearing away with it all his nameless aspirations and enthusiasm for the Heroic? A black cross, with empty outstretched arms waiting its martyr—himself? Who shall say? What he has seen is his own secret, and through all his days it shall be incommunicable to any other human being; but from that hour the man is changed; the course of his life is inexorably determined by that moment's vision.

Often when one is most impressed by some beautiful sight, some glorious music, some passing yet deep emotion, touching on the heart of life, the vision of the end rises up; the darkened room, the silence of death, the senseless body, the same to all appearance, yet having nothing in common with the human Personality which has felt itself expanded by the beauty of the world, thrilled with the music, made immortal by the emotion. At such times we ask, "When *I* am lying so, my eye blind to seeing, my ear deaf to hearing, my brain to feeling, will all these exquisite impressions received through the senses be extinguished with the senses, and be as if they had never been, so that the nature to whom these avenues of perception never conveyed anything higher than a kind of animal pleasure will here be on an equality with that to whom they were the key of Heaven? At such times we grope for the connecting link between the senses and Ego, and can only find refuge in the belief that the Ego is, in fact, everything, without which it is impossible to conceive the external world as having any existence, and that the consciousness we have of this Ego is the only thing of which we have any certain knowledge; consequently, the sense of its imperishability which comes in these high moments is probably the first and only reality for us, to which all apparent contradictions in the physical world must be subordinated and harmonized.

The more one *lives* the more impossible is it to conceive of the physical death as affecting in any way the life of the spirit. The two belong to such a different order of phenomena that one cannot find any common denominator from which to draw conclusions affecting both. The sense of the infinite in us is so strong that the idea of a sudden "coming to an end" at the death of the body becomes unthinkable. At those rare times when we experience the true life of the spirit, we know that it is something absolutely apart from time, which no conditions incident to time can touch. Even if we had not gained this sense from experience of life, the facts of death must, I think, force us to grope for it as a defence against sheer madness. I cannot imagine a Materialist honestly believing his creed and continuing to live an hour longer in the world, unless insane. What has he to look forward to but one separation after another, each one more crushing than that which went before, in proportion as his own inner life has become deeper, and his power of sympathy with others more quickened, and for all this agonizing pain no clue—no hope of relief—and, finally, the extinction in himself of whatsoever spiritual strength his life-efforts have brought him? Add to this the continually heightened imagination of similar suffering borne by thousands of his fellow-men without hope of relief, and the world becomes a hideous nightmare, where all morality and righteous doing is a farce, and the only logical act the termination of an existence which is an unmixed evil. But once let the idea of the continuity of the spiritual take possession of one's mind, and that which before seemed wholly evil is seen to have no worth in itself, except in so far as it is turned into an instrument to, or allowed to be a hindrance of, the spiritual life.

This is true, and yet what contradictions meet one directly! the greatest being that interdependence of the body and spirit—or, rather, to speak more intelligibly—the constitution of the whole known as a human being, which makes us so much influenced, during our earthly existence, by the conditions of Space and Time. What is the spiritual life to the poor wretch whose whole thoughts are concentrated on how he is to obtain the next morsel of food to keep him from starving? The needs of his body are imperative; whether he have a spirit or not seems to him a matter quite beside the question, and so it is with thousands. Yet we know that with great souls, such as Epictetus, these physical anxieties may be absolutely laid to rest by an all-absorbing spiritual aim, and the cases of those in all ages who have made their bodies servants to their spirits are too well known to need repeating. The sad and confusing aspect of the case wherein the poor wretch starving for bread is concerned, lies in the fact that all the conditions of his previous life have combined to hinder him from developing any spiritual life at all. To endeavour that each individual in the land shall be helped, not hindered, in the quest for an inward stronghold, that seems to be the aim which those who have wider opportunities should set before themselves.

When we have realized that our spiritual nature demands a continual moving onward, and that this progress infallibly deepens our capacity for spiritual pain as well as for spiritual joy, the faith that below the deepest depth of all his Love is the only thing which can give us courage to live.

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

Social Worship.

BY THE REV. W. M. BRUNDAGE, PH.D.*

I for one do not believe that we can easily over-estimate the importance of social worship in our churches that shall be broad and sympathetic in spirit and true to the thought of our time. We may be perfectly ready to admit that no priest or minister is necessary to constitute true worship; that no church is necessary; that one may worship God under the open sky, in the fields, or in the forest or beside the sea, just as truly as in the customary house of prayer. We may frankly admit that wherever there are found men and women who are serving a noble unpopular cause with disinterested devotion, wherever men and women in true self-forgetfulness are seeking to uplift the fallen, to comfort the brokenhearted, and encourage the weak and hopeless, there is found genuine worship that cannot be misunderstood.

The practical question is not whether the rare and gifted individual can get along without the social worship of the church, but whether the average man can get along without it, whether he will be as apt to "do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with his God" without its uplift and inspiration as with it, and whether even the rare and gifted will not be the better with it than without it. Because we are social beings, we need the help that comes from genuine social worship to fit us for the noblest activities of life. I do not believe that there is anything that can take its place, any substitute for it that can produce just the same results. For those who, while they differ from one another in belief, share a common spirit and are working toward a common end, to come together and together commune with their God means infinitely more in the re-enforcement of the individual's flagging courage, in the quickening of his faith, in the deepening of his devotion, in the comforting of his sorrow, in the enrichment of his spiritual life, than solitary worship amid the most beautiful and sublime scenery the world affords.

The great Companion is never far from any one of us, but we are not always and everywhere equally conscious of His presence.

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
> Little we see in Nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

The church at worship ought to (and does, at its best) help men to get back their "hearts," help them to catch the vision, hear the voice. It lifts to a higher plane of thought and feeling, into a purer, diviner atmosphere, in which they can see more clearly and truly, in which their material interests lose their exaggerated importance and sink into insignificance in comparison with the great spiritual interests of life. In the conscious presence of their God they pledge themselves anew to the unfinished tasks awaiting them. Their ideals become distinctly defined, and regain the reality which they had lost. They once more perceive that only in the service of those ideals can they be at one with their God.

Unassisted by their fellows, only those rare and gifted spirits among us are able to catch the vision and hear the voice. The ordinary man finds the stern struggle for bread too absorbing: he lives at too high a pressure, is distracted by too many cares. His eyes are glued upon the ground. Left to himself, he finds it almost impossible to lift them up to the mountains, whence alone cometh his help. Certainly, the church at worship has a divine mission to him.

If there are any among us who feel that they do not need the inspiration of social worship, the consciousness that others need them ought to be a sufficiently powerful motive to induce them to unite with their fellows. After all, it is what we can give, more than what we can get, that ought to constrain us. Thus, coming together in the spirit of a true worshipper, in

* The latter part of a paper on "The Church at Worship," given at the meeting of the American National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches at Saratoga, on Tuesday evening, September 24th.—Reprinted from the report in *The Inquirer*, December 14th.

the spirit of a sympathetic brother man, forgetting for the moment all that divides, ignoring all merely individual idiosyncrasies, we can best help one another to the possession of "that quenchless faith" without which life would not be worth the living.

"I believe in the communion of saints." Surely, there is no nobler article than this in the Apostles' Creed. When men once come to believe in it, they will be irresistibly drawn to the public service of worship and will help to lift it to its best.

We known that Emerson, after many years of absence from the village church at Concord, went back to it again because of what he found it meant to his spiritual life. Gifted prophet though he was, he needed the help that came to him in the social worship as much as his fellow-worshippers needed him.

Only recently a layman of our fellowship, one of the most devout and thoughtful of our writers, confessed to me that, after a long absence he, too, had gone back to his place in the church because he had missed its services. He had thought that he could get along better without the church than with it, but he had discovered his mistake. He had determined hereafter to exert all his personal influence to help to make the church at worship more efficient

Seed Corn.

Culture is self-tillage—the ploughing and harrowing of self.

The love of happiness is the worst enemy of true happiness.

Life is larger than literature, science, or art. Life does not exist for them, but they for life.

Man it is said is a gregarious animal; but let him beware of the gregarious instinct of commonplace and timid persons.

It should be a man's ambition to be an efficient worker, if not creator, in the symphony for ever woven out of human souls.

Be just as happy as God gives you the opportunity of being.

There is so little happiness to spare in human life and yet there is so much flung away.

There is no wealth but Life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, of admiration.

A rejoicing, receptive heart will get more pleasure out of a handful of daffodils than a dull heart will get out of acres of splendid exotics under glass.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

We should all be happier than we are if we were more receptive to happiness. Springs of it are all about us, but we do not drink thereof, or like the woman at the well, have nothing wherewith to draw.

One wonders when one gets a glimpse of how much of the raw material of happiness goes to waste in the manufacture in all our lives. A bird sings in our hearing on a wintry day, a splash of colour is seen in a murky sky, a child smiles upon us out of a neighbour's window, not a day passes but we can read a song of Burns—but these things help us not because we are too dull-eyed to observe them.

Plato almost prophesied when he described the righteous man as "one who, without doing any injustice, yet has the appearance of the greatest injustice, and proves his own justice by persevering against all calumny unto death." Again, he predicted that if such a righteous man should ever appear on the earth, "he would be scourged, tortured, bound, deprived of his sight, and, after having suffered all possible injuries, nailed to a post."

"Doth He not see my ways, and count all my steps?" Sometimes, how good it is to think of this. As though no one else engaged His attention, God has constant and perfect cognizance of each of us.

What we habituate ourselves to admire, we love to associate with, and what we associate with we gradually imitate, and adopt its features into our own lives. They who associate with the good are much stronger than they who go out alone to fight the evil. Christianity would never have succeeded had it been a system of mere negations—if it had trained its disciples to bittern scorn, and intense and direct opposition of what was heathenish and corrupt.

Hidden Treasures.

There are stars whose lustrous shining
Has never yet been seen;
There are fragrant blossoms hidden
The forest shades between;
There are birds whose constant singing
Wakes the echo far and near,—
Though no mortal eye beholds them,
Though no human ear may hear.

Sunbeams bright are ever falling
Where no eye can see their gold.
Nature guards her choicest treasures
As a shepherd guards his fold.
'Neath the ocean's crested billows
Priceless treasures safely lie.
Beauty oftentimes is hidden
From the careless passer-by.

Would we gather all the goodness
And the gladness from the day,
We must train our eyes to seeing
All the beauty of the way,
Where our careless feet in treading
Often crush the fairest flowers,
Which were meant to grow and blossom
Through the golden summer hours.

So shall common things grow lovely
To the thoughtful, seeing gaze.
Underneath the roughest seeming
May lie hearts attuned to praise,
Waiting but responsive fingers
Joyous music to bring forth.
So the love divine is mingled
With the lesser love of earth.

MAUD L. COTTON.

News from the Field.

The REV. JOHN ELLIS, of Upperthorpe, Sheffield, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the Mansford Street Mission, London.

REV. E. A. VOYSEY, B.A., has resigned the pulpit at Burnley.

BIRKENHEAD.—The Memorial Stone of the new church at Oxton, to replace the one pulled down in Atherton Street, was laid on Saturday, December 14th, by the Rev. J. E. Carpenter, M.A.

HOWICH Free Church has succeeded in raising £1000 for an Independence Fund.

REV. G. CRITCHLEY, B.A., late of Burnt Ash Congregational Church, Lee, will conduct evening services at College Chapel, Stepney Green, for some months, commencing on December 15th.

Foundation stones of a new church in Thomas Street, Merthyr, were laid on Monday. The building will seat 150 and cost £2000. Among those taking part were Revs. D. J. Williams (pastor), James Harwood, R. J. Jones and W. J. Phillips.

By the death of Mr. Richard Smalley, a bequest left by the late Mrs. Laura Catherine Hutchinson, for the augmentation of the stipend of the minister of Lancaster congregation, becomes liberated.

SUPERANNUATION FUND.—Our readers will rejoice to learn that the £20,000 required for this fund has now been fully subscribed. This remarkable success is largely due to the immense energy and untiring labours of the Rev. J. Carpenter, M.A., President of the National Conference.

OLDBURY.—After complete re-decoration the Oldbury Chapel was re-opened on Sunday, December 15th, the preacher being the Rev. A. Gordon, M.A.

THE LATE REV. C. L. CORKORAN.—A memorial tablet to Mr. Corkoran was unveiled at Mansford Street Mission on Sunday, December 8th, by the Rev. Dr. Drummond.

GLOUCESTER.—The recent effort to free Barton Street Chapel from debt has been crowned with success. The Sale of Work realised £43, friends outside Gloucester contributed £27, and the remainder of the £150 required was subscribed by members of the congregation. The Rev. Walter Lloyd begs to thank those friends who kindly responded to his appeal and helped to bring about this satisfactory result.

LONDON: HIGHGATE.—The Rev. R. H. Greaves, of Troy, New York, the newly-appointed pastor of this church, is expected in England early in the new year, and will take up his duties on the second or third Sunday in January. A congregational welcome soirée is being arranged for Thursday, January 16th, and an induction service and public meeting for Saturday, January 25th.

The worst sins are small continuous vices. White ants pick a carcase cleaner than a lion will.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Songs of Childhood.

From a most charming set of children's songs by Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, and published at the Herb o' Grace Office, Fairseat, Wrotham, Kent. Price, one shilling.

A BLESSING FOR THE BLESSED.

When the sun has left the hill-top,
And the daisy-fringe is hushed,
When the birds from wood and meadow
In their hidden nests are curled,
Then I think of all the babies
That are sleeping in the world.

There are babies in the highlands
And babies in the low,
There are pale ones wrapped in furry skins
On the margin of the snow,
And brown ones naked in the isles
Where all the spices grow.

And some are in the palace
On a white and downy bed,
And some are in the garret
With a clout beneath their head,
And some are on the cold hard earth,
Whose mothers have no bread.

O little men and women,
Dear flowers yet unblown—
O little kings and beggars
Of the pageant yet unknown—
Sleep soft and dream pale dreams now,
To-morrow is your own.

Though some shall walk in darkness,
And others in the light,
Though some shall smile and others weep
In the silence of the night,
When life has touched with many hues
Your souls now clear and white.

God save you, little children,
And make your eyes to see
His finger pointing in the dark
Whatever you may be,
Till one and all, through Life and Death,
Pass to Eternity.

A WINTRY LULLABY.

Blow, wind, blow,
The fields are white with snow—
Sleeping daisies, deep and warm,
Cannot hear the winter storm.

Freeze, air, freeze,
The rime is on the trees—
Sleeping buds within the bough
Dream of spring and cuckoos now.

Turn, earth, turn,
The flames of life do burn—
Sleeping girl, my baby-dove,
Knows no world but mother's love.

STRANGE LANDS.

Where do you come from, Mr. Jay?
"From the land of Play, from the land of Play!"
And where can that be, Mr. Jay?
"Far away—far away!"

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?
"From the land of Love, from the land of Love!"
And how do you get there, Mrs. Dove?
"Look above—look above!"

Where do you come from, Baby Miss?
"From the land of Bliss, from the land of Bliss!"
And what is the way there, Baby Miss?
"Mother's kiss—mother's kiss!"

THE ROBIN.

When father takes his spade to dig
The robin comes along;
He sits upon a little twig
And sings a little song.
Or, if the trees are rather far,
He does not stay alone,
But comes up close to where we are,
And bobs upon a stone.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Little hands—what will you grasp
When you leave this nest, O?
Little arms—what will you clasp
Against that tender breast, O?
Cling to mother's finger, babe,
Throw sweet arms about me!
Here no noons may linger, babe,
Soon you'll love without me.

Little toes—where will you turn,
East or south or west, O?
Little feet—what sands that burn
Will you soon have pressed, O?
Lie on mother's knee, my own,
Dance your heels about me!
Apples leave the tree, my own,
Soon you'll live without me.

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